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A

Hurror

Sundays Adventure,

OR,

WALK

TO

HACKNEY.

BEING

A Deſcription of an Amorous Intrigue Acted there.

Scribere juſſit Amor.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Kidgel*, at the *Golden Ball* near *Grays-Inn* in *Holborn*, 1683.

TO THE

MUCH ADMIRED

LADIES

OF

HACKNEY.

IF you (moſt Amiable Ladies,) do but reflect upon that highly to be approved Judgment of *Paris* of giving the Golden Apple to *Venus*, though *Juno* and *Pallas* were her Antagoniſts in the Conteſt, Si-

lence will be a ſufficient Apologie for my Dedicating to you, the *Firſt Fruits*, or *Maidenhead* (Pardon the Expreſſion) of my Juvenile Fancie: For beſides that the Peerleſs Charms of your Beauty Commands it, Self-Intereſt likewiſe Perſwades me to it; for where can I ſhelter ſo weak and defenceleſs a thing with more ſafety, and ſecurity, than under your Patronage; the Enamouring Brightneſs of whoſe Eyes hath ſufficient Energie to defend it from the Bluſtring Storms of the World: For what Young Man will be ſo Bold, and

ſo

ſo Ungenteel, as to Affront that Book which hath ſuch Guardian Angels for its Protection: And if you add here unto the General Obſervation of Propriety, being Naturally Productive of Affection, it claims your Acceptance upon the account of that Right which you have in it, as being in part Acted amongſt you. I muſt confeſs that therein you will find no *Ciceronian* Eloquence, or Lofty Sentences and Rhetorical Expreſſions, that may any ways Commend it to your Eſteem, and Ap-

probation; yet nevertheleſs, conſidering that the External Ornaments of your Bodies, ſo the Internal Virtues of your Minds are Matchleſs and Incomparable. I queſtion not, Ladies, but you will Generouſly Pardon the Preſumption of him, who Conſcious to himſelf of his own Inability, and very ſenſible of his Errors and Defects, makes his only Refuge and Aſylum under your Protection: For if you do but Smile, the Young Men dare not Frown; and if you Honour it ſo far as to paſs

your

your Judgments in favour of it, they muſt be very far from being Complaiſant, if they rudely Cenſure your Judgments, by the diſliking of it. Wherefore (*O ye Terreſtial Paragons*) if out of the admirable goodneſs of your Natures, you vouchſafe to Crown my weak Labours by your Favourable acceptance, I ſhall be Ambitious of no higher an Honour, except that of Subſcribing my ſelf an Eternal Admirer of your Perfections.

D. G.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

APologies for appearing in Print, are neceſſary Ingredients for the Compoſition of a Preface, and you ſhall ſcarce Read any Book, but it hath ſome excuſe for its appearance on the Publick Theater; the moſt Common and Obvious whereof, is, that of its Author, poor Man, having a great

great averſeneſs to Writing a-ny thing in this Scribling Age, but that the Laws of Gratitude and Civility Oblige him to Comply with the earneſt and reſtleſs Importunities of ſome Learned Friends, whoſe Judgments he eſteems far ſurpaſſing his own, this I muſt confeſs is a very Modeſt way of praiſing a Man's ſelf; but the Graver ſort, whoſe Abilities are ſufficiently known, and whoſe Learning and Eloquence has rendered them Famous in their Generations, Their Plea is the Senſe of their Duty, that they are Obliged in Charity to hang out their Lights to the Benighted World.

World. But none of theſe Excuſes will ſerve my turn, for I have not ſo high a conceit of my ſelf, as to think my Brain, like that of Jupiter's, *is productive of a* Minerva, *worthy the Importunities of ſome Learned Friends; neither do I think that my Abilities will reach to the Compoſure of a Diſcourſe which may any ways prove beneficial to the World; the Publiſhing of this is the meer Effect of my Fancy, which I cannot any ways Praiſe or Commend; but ſuch as it is, I freely Reſign it into the hands of the*

Reader,

The Preface.

Reader, Aſſenting to that Motto of the Epigrammiſt.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam
Mediocria,
Sunt mala plura.

D. G.

A

Sundays Adventure,

OR, A

WALKE

TO

HACKNEY.

The Introduction.

YOUTH, upon divers Conſiderations, hath been compared by a Learned Author, to *Job's* wild Aſſes Colt; and the Grave Seniours of our Age, who, according to the ancient Proverb, have one Foot in

the Grave, and the other drawing after, whoſe Gray Hairs are ſufficient Symptoms of an impending and approaching Mortality, in complyance with this Compariſon, think no Expedient like that of *David*'s Bit and Bridle, for the well Governing and Managing of theſe Skittiſh, Unruly, and Untractable Animals; they eſteem the moſt Politick Stratagem, to put Bounds and Limits to the Wild Exorbitances of Youth, is by debarring them of their Liberty, and to prevent all Extravagancies, to tie them up to thoſe ſtrict Rules of Morality, which are inconſiſtent with any Condition, except that of Old Age, whoſe Gravity induces them to a forc'd Complyance therewith. But how unſucceſsful this Rigorous and Auſtere courſe doth prove in the iſſues, daily Experience almoſt evince; for it is natural to youthful Fancies to exert them-

themſelves in ſuitable Divertiſements and Recreations, and to go about to alter and change thoſe tendencies and ſtrong propenſions which Nature hath Implanted in them, is like rowling the Stone of *Siſyphus*, or putting Bounds and Limits to a ſwift and ſpeedy Torrent, which if ſtopt for a time, will ſoon break down its Banks, and run with a ſwifter Current, and more Impetuous Voracity; and beſides Solidity of Judgment, and a Sedate Compoſedneſs of Temper, are things Incongruous with Youthful Imaginations, their Affections are ſo unſteady and unſtable, their Inclinations ſo very various and uncertain, that they are altogether uncapable of it; the Dictates of Reaſon are all born down by the ſtrong Current of their Giddy Fancies, and Judgment bears but little ſway, where their Imagination prompts them to the Contrary; wherfore

ſome grains of allowance is to be made; and ſeveral Paſtimes and Recreations, Correſponding with their tender and blooming years, to be granted to them; to ſet down a Liſt of which is a thing not eaſie to be done, in that there are various Humours and Opinions, and what one Man is mightily affected with, another perhaps may take a great abhorrencie to, according to that ſaying, *one Man's Meat, is another Man's Poiſon*; wherefore, leaving every one to ſuit his Paſtimes to his own Inclinations, I will proceed to give you a Deſcription of my own: Who being under the Predominancy of Youthful Imaginations, and arrived to that Age, wherein Cupid loves to diſplay his Soveraign Authority, and exerciſe his Tyrannical Power over Men's Hearts; nothing but an Amorous Intreague would Correſpond with my Juvenile Fancie, the Relation whereof

whereof is the Subject of the following Sheets. I had much better, I confeſs, have kept it private, for my own Diverſion, than have expoſed it to the Publick view of a Cenſorious World; the graver ſort will diſdain to caſt their Eyes upon it; and if any Youth happen to peruſe it, he will ſtill be condemning ſome Paſſages or other, as not handſomely mannag'd, or well carryed on; he will view defects almoſt in every ſide, and will'tis likely be ſo uncharitable, as to make no abatements upon the Plea of Youthful Fancie. Thus hath my own folly run me into a Labyrinth, out of which *Ariadnes* Clew of threed cannot extricate me; nevertheleſs this comfort I have, that though my folly is expoſed to the open Sun, and lies naked to the view of all, I my ſelf am concealed to the World, and as *Æneas*, encompaſſed with a Cloud,

took a view of all *Carthage* inviſibly; ſo I likewiſe can hear the divers Judgments and Opinions of the World, together with their various Cenſures of me, and yet remain inviſible, as it were in the Cloud; Extracting from thence this benefit, that hearing my Errours Condemned by the World, I may be ſo wiſe as to learn for the future to amend them; upon which Conſideration I'le proceed with my *Sunday's Adventure, or Walke to Hackney*, which take as followeth.

A WALKE TO HACKNEY.

ON *Sunday*, the Day proving fair and curious, no Clouds appearing in the Skie, but all things being Bright and Serene, the Air ſweet and pleaſant, and the bright Sun dazling forth its Glorious Beams upon our Hemiſphere: My Fancy ſtood affected to take the Freſh Air, and my Mind was wholly bent on ſome Pleaſant Walk to refreſh my drooping Spirits, which the foregoing Week had been al-

moſt ſtifled in a Croud of Buſi-neſs: In order whereunto, ta-king one or two with me, after ſome ſhort Conſideration whi-ther to ſteer our Courſe, we took up a reſolution for *Hackney*; that in our Judgments being the moſt delightſome place, partly for the pleaſantneſs of the Air, but much more for the ſight of thoſe admira-ble Beauties which reſort thither; impatient were our wiſhes you might eaſily imagine for our ar-rival at our Journey's End, and every Minute ſeem'd tedious which hindred us of ſo great a happineſs; at length we came to the Church, where caſting our Eyes round about, and ſeeing our ſelves incompaſt in the midſt of ſuch Beautiful Objects, a profound admiration ſeized on us, and in-ſtead of Worſhipping God, we were ready to fall down and A-dore thoſe Terreſtial Deities; the flame of our Devotion was extin-

guiſht

guiſht by the greater Flame of our Affections, and all our Religion Conſiſted in the pleaſant looks, and charming Eyes of theſe Enchanting and Delightful Syrenes. To ſelect one of which from among the reſt, to ſettle and place my Affections on, was methoughts a great deal of pity, in that ſo many Fair Ones would be left behind, wherefore I ardently wiſhed, that Golden Age would return again, wherein Community was both neceſſary and allowable, and nothing almoſt would ſatisfie my deſires but the engroſſment of the whole; but conſidering theſe things were impoſſible, and therefore not fitting to be the Subject of our deſires, and that it was too great a happineſs for one Man to enjoy ſo many, I reſolved to turn Neceſſity into a Virtue, and to ſhew my Moderation by being content with one, where

more was not allowable; but then which of all theſe to chuſe, *hic labor, hoc opus*, here lies the main piece of difficulty, in that all of them look'd ſo lovely and enticing, their Countenances ſo harmleſs and innocent, that I took the Church for the Temple of *Diana* at *Delos*, famous for the numerous reſort of young and tender Virgins; they lookt in all outward and viſible appearance to be real Saints, when perhaps were we to make a diligent Scrutiny into the inmoſt receſſes of their Hearts, we ſhould find all their Private Prayers and Addreſſes were made to *Venus* and her Son, and whilſt my thoughts were exerciſed in this deep Contemplation, and my unſteady Mind roving to and fro in uncertainties, darting my Eyes to a certain School, ſome Amorous Actions I obſerved in a young and tender Virgin, which very well Correſponded

with

with my Youthful Fancy, wherefore fixing my Eyes wholly intent upon her, I observed such excellent Features in her Face, accompanied with such a Compleat Proportion of Body, that all my study now was only to devise a way how I might Present my most humble Service to her, and to let her understand how high a respect and Veneration I bore to her Personage. But to effect this, I could not well tell, I was wholly ignorant of her Name, neither did I know which way to learn it, wherefore being under these Circumstances, I judg'd it the most prudent way, the *Sunday* following, to deliver a Letter into her own Hands as she came from Church, which I did accordingly in the following Words.

Sweet Lady,

NO sooner did I cast my Eyes upon your Angelical Perso-

nage,

nage, but my Affections were inſtantly kindled, and my Heart by the lovely glances of your alluring Eye totally captivated; inſomuch, that as Cæſar *ſaid to* Cleopatra, *I came, I ſaw, and I was overcome; whereſoever I went, I carried your Idea with me, and ſo far were you become Miſtreſs of my Imaginations, that when my Eyes ſhould have been cloſed with a pleaſant Slumber, my Thoughts were continually buſied on your more than Humane Perfections; for your ſake many wearisome Nights have been appointed me, when I lie down, I ſay, when ſhall I ariſe, and the Night begone, I am full of toſſings to and fro until the dawning of the Day, neither doth the approach thereof yield me any Eaſe or Comfort, for in a Melancholy poſture I go drooping all the Day long, and ardently wiſh for the Night again; a ſwift Diſeaſe like Lightning runs through my Bones and Marrow, a cold ſwift Sweat*

Sweat ſeizes on my Limbs, and my Head and Heart are ſick of an incurable diſtemper; incurable did I ſay, no ſhe that wounds can quickly cure, one ſmiling glance is ſufficient to revive me from the depth of Melancholy; and one frowning look to caſt me down again into the deepeſt abyſs thereof; wherefore, Sweet Lady, ſince all my Terreſtial happineſs depends upon you, what remains, but that with modeſty I approach your preſence, and with Ingeminate Orations implore your Favour and Affections, in Retaliation whereof I will return you mine, in thoſe moſt Affectionate Words of Ruth *to her Mother* Naomi, where thou goeſt, there will I go; and where thou lodgeſt, (*provided Modeſty and Convenience would permit*) there will I lodge alſo; where thou dieſt will I die, and there will I be buried, *and nought but death ſhall part thee and me.*

D. G.

The

The Preſentation of this Letter, yielded ſome alteration to the reſtleſs inquietudes of my Mind, and having diſplayed the ardency of my Paſſion to her, I had ſome hopes of Pity and commiſeration, for it was altogether contrary to the grain of my Nature, to imagine that ſo much cruelty could concenter in the tender Breaſt of ſo fair a Sex, as to prove like *Anaxarete*, Deaf and Inexorable to the ardent entreaties of a Paſſionate Lover; they are a Sex Compoſed of ſweetneſs and good nature, and I could not harbour ſuch ill thoughts, as to think they would make ſo monſtrous a Deviation, and Act ſo inconſiſtent with their Natural Inclinations, as to prove themſelves guilty of Cruelty and Unkindneſs: No, no, fair Sex, the invincible Charms of your Beauties, would not ſuffer ſuch hard thoughts to enter into my Breaſt,

nor your Charming Eyes permit any Imagination tending that way; and though your accuſtomary Modeſty may cauſe ſome frowns and averſeneſs from you at the firſt, yet the incomparable goodneſs of your Natures, together with the ſweetneſs of your diſpoſitions, will in the end incline you to Pity and Commiſeration; you cannot be ſo hard hearted, as with regardleſs Eyes, to view your Lovers lie languiſhing at your Feet, and almoſt ready to expire with thoſe Fatal Wounds whereof your ſelves were the ſole and primary Cauſe, but muſt in Correſpondence with your own Amicable Tempers, afford ſome Comfort and Relief, and dart forth ſome ſmiling glances, that may help to bear them up under the inſupportable burden of their miſeries. Upon which conſideration, not receiving any Anſwer to my Firſt,

I preſently reſolved once more to give her the trouble of the acceptance of a ſecond; and though a Virgin's Chaſtity might prompt her to paſs the firſt over in ſilence, I imagined that this my Second might meet with better ſucceſs. Which was as followeth.

Sweet Lady,

YOur Courteous and Affable reception of my Firſt, as it renders ſome content and ſatisfaction to my troubled Mind; ſo likewiſe it excites me not to ſit down in deſpondency, but vigorouſly to perſiſt in my Commenced Enterprize, giving me ſome probable hopes of an Anſwer to this my Second, which like the Firſt, is only by reiterated proteſtations to manifeſt my Cordial and Sincere Affections, which could but my Pen pourtray to the Life, happy ſhould I be among Men; but alas, all the flouriſhing Sentences of Demoſthenes, *aſſiſted by the*

Eloquence

Eloquence of Learned Cicero, *are inſufficient to give you a full and perfect Deſcription of the perturbations of my Mind, the diſorder of my Paſſions, the diſtractedneſs of my Thoughts, and confuſedneſs of my Imaginations, wherefore ſince ſo great a happineſs is denied me, a leſſer muſt content me; and ſince by many Obſtacles and Inconveniences I am debarred the enjoyment of your Company, I muſt commit the mangement hereof to Fortune, who once perhaps may be ſo Fortunate as to bring us to a Private Conference, and then what in my Words is Deficient, my ſad and dejected looks, my deep and melancholy ſighs, together with all the ſignal Evidences and real Symptoms of a true Affection, will abundantly ſupply, then by your favourable permiſſion I ſhall have the happineſs of tendring my Service to you, which if you out of your good Nature do but condeſcend to accept of, the Honour, Madam,*

of

of being ſerviceable to you, will be a ſufficient Recompence and Reward, at that time will my hopes be augmented, my heart revived, and my ſelf as it were in a Terreſtial Paradiſe, by the obtaining ſo pleaſant an enjoyment; on the expectation of which Bleſſed Opportunity, depends all the Felicity of him, who accounts it an honour to proſtrate himſelf at your Feet, and to be at your diſpoſal.

D. G.

This Letter being delivered in the ſame manner as the former, and ſhe receiving it without any great reluctancy and unwillingneſs, gave me good grounds to imagine that my Paſſion was not diſdainfully ſlighted, and that by the ſame kindneſs and Civility wherewith at firſt ſhe received them, ſhe would be prompted at length to return me an Anſwer, this perſuaſion added New Life

and

and Vigour to me, and my Sleep which before was diſturbed with Frightful Dreams, and interrupted by horrid Phantaſms, was now rendred more ſound and ſweet, and a pleaſant Gayety appear'd in my looks, which before was Dull and Melancholy, my Active Thoughts were continually buſied in the Meditation of her excellent Virtues, and my ſelf almoſt tranſported into an extacie of Joy, by an humble admiration of thoſe External Ornaments of Body, which Dame Nature had ſo liberally beſtowed upon her; ſhe was the Subject of my Daily Meditations, and the Contemplation of her Admirable Beauty made up the greateſt part of my Nocturnal Devotions, agreeable to thoſe Verſes of *Paris* to *Helen*.

Your Charming Form all day my Fancie drew,
And when Night came my Dreams were all of you.

Having

Having paſt ſeveral Days and Nights in this Nature, and all along been fruſtrated in my expectations of an Anſwer, my hopes did now begin to grow faint, and I did almoſt deſpair of her Writing to me; but at laſt the long expected happineſs arrived, at length to my great Joy and Alacrity I received a Letter from her; unripping the Seals whereof I read theſe Contents therein.

Sir,

IN your Firſt Letter, you have a Complement which far ſurpaſſes my Wit to underſtand, which is, that you came, and ſaw, and was overcome; for it is a thing impoſſible in my Judgment for any one to be overcome with one, the Charms of whoſe Beauty are wholly inattractive; as for the Amorous Expreſſions, my ignorance and unacquaintedneſs with ſuch Matters

makes

makes me paſs them over in ſilence, as being things wholly unpleaſing to me; as for this Anſwer, which is againſt my will, my deſire is, that after you have read it, you would burn it, thereby preventing its being expoſed to any further view, the performance whereof will be acceptable to,

Y. H.

Which Letter being by me peruſed, I preſently reſolved to ſend her an Anſwer by the ſame Bearer, wherefore Conſidering ſome Paſſages of her Letter, and thereby perceiving that a third Repetition of the Ardency of my Affection, would treſpaſs too much upon her Virgin Chaſtity, and conſequently put her Modeſty to the bluſh, I concluded the beſt way was to Write in ſuch a Modeſt ſtile as might inſenſibly gain upon her Affections, and by a gentle ſurprize as it were Captivate

vate her Heart, in order whereunto I put Pen to Paper, and Writ the following Words.

Sweet Lady,

IN your Letter, you are pleased to say, 'tis impossible for any one to be overcome with one, the Charms of whose Beauty are wholly inattractive, which Sentence I suppose is the Effect of a Virgins Modesty, which delights not to Publish its own Commendations in Gath, *nor to declare them in the borders of* Askelon: *But when I, Sweet Lady, or any Man else, with Eyes full of wonder and admiration, take a view of those Syrene Charms and Attractive Virtues, which are the Concomitants of so rare a Beauty; I can make no Comparison but that of Angels, and silence would better become me, in a case where the weak Encomiums of my Faint Breath, are so vastly short of your merit. Touching your desire of not exposing*

expoſing it to view, a faithful ſecrecy ſhall Conceal; but as for that Injunction of Burning it, that is too hard and too ſevere; Pardon me therefore in this, and in all other things I ſhall be as ready to Comply with your Commands, as you, Sweet Lady, ſhall be to enjoin your Humble Servant,

D. G.

The Day after I had ſent this Letter, I received a Note from the Penny-Poſt, without any Name, deſiring me at ſuch an Hour, to be at a certain place at *Hackney*, where I ſhould be met by one, who had ſomething of great Matter and Importance to impart to me: This ſudden Event filled my Mind with anxious Fears, and dubious Solicitudes, what the iſſue hereof ſhould be, my perplext imaginations began to wander in the dark Regions of Deſpair, and a ſudden fear ſeized on

on me, leſt all my hopes ſhould be nipt in the Bud by the too too cruel Hand of Deſtiny, and that all my flouriſhing Expectations ſhould now, by ſome unlucky accidents, ſee themſelves end in a total defeatment: but the God's were more kind and favourable; for the Hour being come, I met at the appointed place, where I had not tarryed long, but I ſaw one with a Mask approaching and drawing towards me, who coming up to me, bid me follow her at a diſtance till ſhe made a ſtop. But what fears, O ye God's, poſſeſſed my Mind, my feeble Legs were almoſt unable to ſupport my trembling Body, and my ſelf almoſt Shipwrackt between the *Sylla* of Hope and *Charibdis* of Deſpair concerning the Event hereof: At laſt ſitting our ſelves down on a ſhady Bank, ſhe pulled off her Mask, and began, as followeth.

Sir,

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *I am wholly a Stranger to you, and therefore this Action of Mine may ſavour ſomething of immodeſty: But I hope your Nature is ſo Generours as to Pardon and Paſs over thoſe Weakneſſes which appertains to the Femal Sex, and I hope you will not divulge thoſe Kindneſſes of mine, which in the end will tend ſo much to your content and ſatisfaction.*

Theſe Words baniſh't all Doubts and Anxieties from my Mind, and chaſed away all the thick Clouds of Fears and Jealouſies from my Breaſt, wherefore rouſing my ſelf up out of a deep Study, I returned her this Anſwer.

It is my unhappineſs, I muſt confeſs, Sweet Lady, that I have hitherto been a Stranger to you, nevertherleſs you may aſſure your ſelf, Madam, that whatſoever Kindneſs and Civility your good Nature ſhall prompt you to extend towards me,

ſhall never tend to your Prejudice in the leaſt, for this would be a piece of Ingratitude, altogether inconſiſtent with my Nature, and contrary to thoſe tender Affections which I bear to the Female Sex: At which Words, I making a ſtop, ſhe went on as follows.

Sir, your Ardent Proteſtations of Fidelity in this thing, has left no room at all in my Breaſt for ſuſpition to harbour, and I do not at all doubt but your Actions will run Parallel with your Words, and that you will not any ways make a deviation from your Promiſe.

The Gods forbid, Madam, ſaid I, *that I ſhould be found guilty of ſo Enormous a Crime: No, no, whatſoever I promiſe in Words, my Actions ſhall verifie, and ſo far am I from divulging any thing that may prove detrimental to you, that I would willingly Embrace all Opportunities, though attended with the greateſt difficulties and inconveniences*

veniences imaginable, wherein I ſhall be found any ways ſerviceable to you. Why then, Sir, ſaid ſhe, *I underſtand that you have an ardent Affection for a Young Lady, with whom I have a familiar acquaintance, and a very great influence on, and my aid and aſſiſtance herein (which I aſſure you of) may prove not only neceſſary but very beneficial to you.* At theſe Words I proſtrated my ſelf at her Feet, and gave her many Milions of thanks for ſo unmerited a kindneſs, deſiring her withal to make an Addition by one Favour more; which is, to tell me whether ſhe heard the Young Lady ſpeak any thing in my Praiſe and Commendation, or whether ſhe ever expreſt any kindneſs towards me.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *Diſcourſing together one Night, ſhe expreſt her reſolution to me, never to Marry, and that her inclinations were totally averſe toward the altering of her*

condition; with that I began to Diſcourſe of you, asking her withall, whether ſhe had any kindneſs for you; ſhe told me, ſhe had as much for you as for any Man, and that if ever ſhe ſhould be over-perſuaded to change her State, you would be the only Man that ſhould gain a Conqueſt of her Heart. By theſe Words I was ſufficiently ſatisfied how ſhe ſtood affected, and was well aſſured that a ſtorming that Virgin Caſtle, would in proceſs of time force a ſurrender. I very well knew that ſo tender a heart could not long withſtand the onſets of a vigorous Lover, wherefore my chief aim now was only to be ſo happy as to have the enjoyment of her Company; wherefore, breaking my ſilence, I proceeded in this nature.

Madam, ſaid I, *having had the experience of ſuch an unparallel'd kindneſs hitherto, makes me preſume*

ſume your good Nature is ſuch as to grant me one more, which if effected, I would not envy the happineſs of the Gods themſelves.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *whatſoever lies in my power to do, you may aſſure your ſelf ſhall be performed according to your utmoſt deſires.*

Then, Madam, ſaid I, *ſince you have ſo great an Influence upon the Young Lady, if you would but bring me into her Company, I ſhould eſteem it a kindneſs far beyond the utmoſt of my merits.*

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *I muſt confeſs, this a thing very difficult to be performed, in that we are kept under a ſtrict confinement, and have not that Liberty granted us, which is requiſite for ſuch a thing; but however if at ſuch a time, and ſuch a place you will expect her coming, through my perſwaſions and entreaties ſhe ſhall be there.* Which Words being ended, ſhe made a ſtop.

After I had made her ſeveral promiſes to be at the appointed place, I began to expreſs my Reſentments of thoſe kindneſſes and favours, which ſhe had been pleaſed to confer upon me, adding withal, that nothing but her good Nature, extended in an admirable Condeſcention of accepting the Will for the Deed, can any ways be ſufficient, to render a ſutable Retaliation for thoſe vaſt Ties and immenſe Obligations, which according to the common Laws of gratitude are impoſed on me: In ſuch Diſcourſe as this we paſſed the time away, till darkneſs began to overſpread the Face of the Earth, and we were forc'd to take our unwilling leaves of each other, and depart for that time.

Here it may be expected that my Pen ſhould Deſcribe thoſe tranſports of Joy which ſeized on me, and that inward content

and

and ſatisfaction of Mind, which I received from this Adventure; but, alas! I muſt leave the Degree hereof to be imagined, ſince it cannot be expreſt; for I preſently fancied my ſelf a Second *Macedonian* Youth, or a White Boy of Fortune, and nothing leſs could enter into my Imaginations, but that I was a ſpecial favourite of the Fates, in that my Felicity was brought about by ſuch unexpected Emergencies: I accounted my ſelf the happieſt of all Mankind, and would not have changed Conditions with the greateſt Emperour that could have been found within the utmoſt limits of the Earth; nay, I began to queſtion with my ſelf, whether the Gods themſelves in their Celeſtial Manſions were capable of higher Bliſs and Felicity, than I was in expectation of: In ſuch thoughts as theſe did I ſtrive to paſs away that

time, which ſeemed long and tedious to me; my deſires after the appointed day were eager and impatient, and the Horologe of time ſeem'd to have a Retrograde Motion, and inſtead of flying with a *Pegaſean* Celerity, rather moved a Snails pace, and walkt like *Saturn* with Leaden Heels. I like a true Lover, counted each Hour as it paſt away, and thought every Minute long which kept me from the ſight of ſo delightful an Object: At laſt the long wiſht for *Aurora* leapt from the Watry Bed of *Thetis*, and began to break through the Clouds, and by her Ruddy Bluſhes gave earneſt of an enſuing Day; now that long lookt for *Phœbus* began to diſcover his Golden Beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, and that happy Hour was approaching and drawing near, wherein my Promiſe was to be fulfilled, wherefore with great

Joy,

Joy, I took Horſe, and went to the appointed place, there to expect the completion of hers: At this time I wiſht for the Tongue of an Orator to diſplay my Affections in Pathetical Expreſſions, now was I in a deep ſtudy in what manner to Addreſs my ſelf to her, and which way of declaring my Paſſion would be moſt ſuitable to her Diſpoſition; and whilſt my thoughts were exerciſed with theſe Contemplations, I ſaw the approach of my long expected Object, whom I preſently made haſte to meet, and with a ſubmiſſive Reverence performing thoſe Ceremonies which at ſuch a time was accuſtomary; the Lady which was with her, who was my unknown Friend, withdrew to the further end of the Room, to give me the more liberty of Entertaining her in Private, which I did in the following manner.

Your admirable Beauty (Sweet Lady,) and tranſcendent Virtues have ſo powerfully work'd upon my Affections, that both my happineſs and miſery depends upon your Pleaſure. If by your ſmiles and pleaſing looks you ſeem to Countenance my Affections, my Felicity will be beyond expreſſion, but if you diſdainfully frown upon me, and with cruelty reject that Paſſion, whoſe ardency claims your acceptance, I ſhall then of all Men be moſt miſerable. With many Bluſhes ſhe entertained this Diſcourſe, and her countenance ſhewed ſhe was diſpleaſed therewith, nevertheleſs ſhe returned me this Anſwer. *Daily Experience, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *teſtifies that Men are deceitful, and that all the Affection which they pretend is only Diſſimulation and Flattery, all their Vows, Oaths, and Promiſes are ſoon neglected and forgotten, when once they have obtained their wiſhes.*

No more they die, no more com-
plain;
But like unconſtant wretches live
again.

Upon which account I ſtedfaſtly re-ſolve to Baniſh all thoughts of them from my Breaſt, and to live and die in a ſingle ſtate. Ah, *Madam,* ſaid I, *be not ſo cruel as to Con-demn the whole for the Miſcariages of ſome; and be not ſo ſevere as to think that my Paſſion is nothing but Diſſimulation, becauſe ſome Monſters in Nature have been guilty thereof, but rather let my ſighs and tears, though ſilent, yet be ef-fectual Oratours at the Bar of your Diſcretion, for the reality of my Affections: Do not, Sweet Lady, condemn before you try; nor accuſe him of flattery, who is ready to breathe out his laſt breath at your Feet in teſtimony of his ſincerity.* A Proof, *Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *of your*

Affection

Affection is altogether needleſs and inſignificant, in that my Reſolutions are never to truſt any. Ah, Madam, ſaid I, *let not ſo much cruelty harbour in your Tender Breaſt; but let the fervency of my Paſſion intercede with you for ſome ſmall return of Affection, and neglect not thoſe Wounds, Sweet Lady, which the Charms of your Beauty have made, when it is in your Power to heal them; a Smile or any other Expreſſion of kindneſs will add new Life and Vigour to me, who am now as it were deprived of both.* Sir, ſaid ſhe, *if it lies in my Power to contribute to your happineſs, I will be no ways wanting, but will expreſs as much kindneſs as is conſiſtent with my firſt reſolutions. Ah, Madam, that it is in your Power, either to kill or cure, it is very apparent; it is in your Power to Crown me with Joys and Felicities, or if you pleaſe to overwhelm me in an Ocean of Miſery; your ſympathiſing*

with

with me in my Affections will bring about the first, and your refusal thereof is sufficient for the accomplishment of the latter: Wherefore Sweet Lady, if the languishing Eyes, and sorrowful Looks; if the earnest Intreaties and fervent Exhortations of a Passionate Lover, can no ways Mollifie your Rigour and Severity, suffer me to expire at your Feet. At which Words I drew my Sword, and was going to make an end of that Life which I could not prolong without misery, had not she prevented me in the following Words. *Sir*, said she to me with a faint and feeble voice, *if you have regard for my welfare and preservation, with-hold your hand from penetrating so rash an attempt, and live; and if your Affections prove as real as you pretend, time may declare much in your favour.* These Words were a Soveraign Balsom to all my wounds, and had a kind of Almightiness in them,

for

for no ſooner did ſhe ſay live, but my Spirits awakned themſelves in to Chearfulneſs and Vigour; Joy warmed my cold and liveleſs Blood, which began to run with a pleaſant thrill through all the Channels of its Motion, and my ſelf, who before was dull and inanimate, by the reviving ſenſe hereof, was Metamorphoſed into a New Man. *Ah, Madam*, ſaid I, *ſince you Command me to live, I will preſerve that Life, which nothing but an entire Obedience to your Commands could ever have perſuaded me to.* With ſuch Diſcourſe we paſt the time away till Supper came, which being ſet before us, my Appetite could not reliſh any of thoſe Dainties; but fixing my Eyes wholly upon her admirable Beauty, I verified that Proverb of living by Love, and all the time I ſat viewing thoſe Charming Eyes, which now lookt more pleaſant then they did

did before. Supper being ended, the Young Lady that was with us, with much perſuaſions and entreaties, prevailed with her to ſing me a Song, which ſhe did; but, Oh Heavens! how Harmonious was her Voice, I imagined her to be a *Seraphim* deſcended from above, on purpoſe to attract the Eyes of admiring Mortals: Neither was the Song leſs Enchanting than her Voice, which being ended, ſhe gave me a Copy thereof, which was in theſe Words.

Of all the dear Joys that the World
hath in ſtore,
If Celia *prove conſtant, I'le ask for*
no more,
If ſhe prove but as true as her Vows
do declare,
I'le laugh at the Jealous, and tri-
umph over Care;
To claſp my ſoft Dear all Night in
my Arms,
To Kiſs and Embrace, and Diſſolve
in her Charms, *And*

And to think that theſe Joys ever-
laſting ſhall be,
Makes Revelling Princes leſs hap-
py than we.

In Retaliation whereof I preſented her with another which I had by me, and promiſed her the next opportunity to ſend her an Anſwer to hers; that which I gave her, was in theſe Words.

I.

Hence, hence, ye vain Fantaſtick
Fears,
Of Ills to come, thou know'ſt not
where;
Stand not with thy Infernal Face,
To fright my Love from my Em-
brace;
To what a height ſhould we love on,
Wert thou and all thy ſhadows gone.

II.

Sigh, ſigh no more, nor cry, forbear,
It is a Sin, we neither muſt nor
dare. *If*

If Sin can in ſuch Pleaſure dwell,
If this can be the Gate of Hell;
No fleſh can hold from entring in,
Heaven's muſt forgive ſo ſweet a Sin.

III.

Down, down, ſhe does begin to fall,
And now the Shadows vaniſh all;
And now the Gates lie ope to bliſs,
And now I am entring Paradiſe,
Where Envious Angels flock to View,
And wonder what it is we Mortals do.

This ſhe willingly accepted from me, and was not ſo much reſerved as ſhe was before, but began to be more free and familiar in her Converſe with me; but alas, the depth of Night was crept upon our Diſcourſe, and that unhappy time was come wherein we were to take our unwilling leave of each other, a time to true

true Lovers far more terrible than Death it ſelf; yet notwithſtanding the Night being far ſpent, and Cimmerian Darkneſs covering the face of our Hemiſphere, we made a forc'd complyance therewith; wherefore conducting the Ladies in ſafety to their Habitations, I preſently made haſte to my own, pondering all the Night of the Paſſages of the foregoing Day, and never ſuffering *Morpheus* to cloſe my Eyelids with a pleaſant ſlumber, but was ſtill meditating on ſome part of her Diſcourſe or other, together with the ſeveral Interpretations it was capable of; I reflected upon her ſeverity at the firſt, and how averſe ſhe was to any propoſition tending that way, and preſently I conſidered, that at laſt her rigour began ſomewhat to abate; and though at firſt ſhe was deaf to all Perſuaſions and Entreaties whatſoever, ſhe now

ſeemed

ſeemed to be of a milder Diſpoſition, and ſomewhat more inclined to lend a favourable attention: In ſuch Meditations as theſe did I paſs away the Night, and the Day approaching I called to mind my promiſe which I made to her of ſending her an Anſwer to the Song which ſhe gave me, wherefore ariſing out of my Bed, I called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and encloſed in a Letter, ſent her this following Song.

Whilſt alone in my Bed I paſs the cold Nights,
A thouſand Ideas my Fancy affrights:
I toſs to and fro, and I languiſhing lie,
Scorcht with deſires, faint wiſhes are fain to ſupply
The want of Sweet Pleaſure, how happy are they,
That in Loves ſweet Embraces can paſs them away,

Whilſt

Whilſt my Dear in my Arms enfold-
ed doth lie,
My Joys overflow, and my Comforts
ne're die;
My Senſes with Pleaſure are ravi-
ſhed quite,
And my ſelf overcome with exceſs
of delight:
With outſtreched Limbs, in a Trance
as it were,
In Paſtimes of Venus *I hold my*
Sweet Dear,
Till with our Embraces we ſatisfi'd
are;
If the Gods will but grant and con-
tinue to me
Theſe Pleaſures, no Princes can hap-
pier be.

About two days after the ſend-ing hereof, I received an Anſwer from her, the Subſtance whereof was, that ſhe had received my Letter, which occaſioned ſeveral Rumours and Diſcourſes in the School, which filled the head of

the Governeſs thereof with Jealouſies and Suſpicions, who now had a more watchful care over her, and would not permit her to have that Liberty which ſhe formerly had; but whereſoever ſhe went, or whatſoever ſhe did, the hundred Eyes of *Argus* were continually intent upon her, inſomuch that it was very difficult, if poſſible, for me to have any farther enjoyment of her Company, during the time of her abode there, and therefore deſired me to refrain from attempting it, till unconſtant Fortune ſhould prove more kind and auſpicious. What Clouds of grief theſe Words raiſed in my Breaſt, is a thing almoſt impoſſible to expreſs, for all my Paſſions, like things out of their proper Elements, maintained a Diſſonancy and Diſ-harmony among themſelves, my Intellectual Faculties were totally diſordered, and my ſelf like a Frantick Bacchanal,

Bacchanal, running up and down in a Diſtracted Poſture; ſometimes I tore the very Hair from off my Head, and at other times I ſate ſad and penſive in the ſhades of Melancholly, ſometimes would I breathe out my Paſſion to inſenſible things, and by and by in a moſt doleful manner complain of my cruel deſtiny, fervently wiſhing that *Proſerpine* would be ſo kind, as with her Right hand to cut my Hair, and enter me among the number of the Dead, thereby freeing me from thoſe thick Clouds of ſorrow which encompaſſed me round about, and bitterly exclaiming againſt fatal *Atropos* for not cutting in twain the Thread of my miſerable life. Theſe Earthly things ſeemed dull and inſipid to me, and I reſolved to betake my ſelf to ſome ſecret retirement, where I might not be diſturbed with Company, for I now hated the very ſight

and

and ſociety of Men, and could very well apply that Diſtick to my ſelf,

Wandring from thought to thought, I ſit alone
All day, and my once Dear Companions ſhun;

for they now grow tedious and troubleſome to me, and my diſcontented Mind can reap no Divertiſement from them; therefore I concluded to take a Journey into the Countrey, there to paſs away the time in a manner ſuitable to my Melancholly Diſpoſition; there it was that I fancied Recreations agreeable to my Fancy, and had leiſure and opportunity to Meditate on her perfections, there in a ſhady ſilent Grove did I expreſs my Paſſion in ſuch ſad and tragical Accents, as made the adjacent Woods reſound back the doleful Ecchoes, and as I walked

walked through the Fields and Meadows, I ſent up deep Sighs into the Air, in Teſtimonial of my Affections, bewailing my condition with groans unutterable. I Carved her Name almoſt upon every Tree, and never a Day paſt but I made ſome Accroſtick or other thereon: Several Coppies of Verſes I Compoſed in the Praiſe and Commendation of a Married Life, one of which I happened to find among my looſe Papers, and with ſome ſmall Variations have Inſerted herein, as followeth.

Madam! Methinks that Word
grows out of date,
And all our Joys lies in the Married ſtate;
Survey but Natures wiſe Oeconomy,
You'll ſee Conjunction cauſeth Harmony;

And

And the inferiour World which knows no Senſe
Or Reaſon, take their chiefeſt Pleaſure hence,
Unite our Hearts brave Cythere-an *Boy,*
No ſorrow then ſhall interrupt our Joy:
Great Jove *himſelf, and all the Gods will be*
Envious at our ſo great Felicitie;
The Angels likewiſe, did they but conceive
How vaſt our Pleaſures are, would take their leave
Of their Celeſtial Manſions, and confeſs
That we Inveſted are with greater Bliſs:
Thoſe empty Joys which ſilly Mortals ſay,
Sweet and delightful are, ſoon fade away:
Theſe falſe decays loſe all their reliſh quite,
When but Compar'd with this ſo ſweet delight.

Each Day in Loves Embraces we
do ſpend,
Each Night Intrancing Pleaſures
doe attend.
The Ancient Heathens made their
chiefeſt Bliſs
In Paradiſe, for to conſiſt in this;
Nothing Terreſtrial can with it
Compare;
Good God! how tempting all its
Pleaſures are.

Thus did I divert my ſelf for ſome time, but ſtill my Mind was wholly bent on my beloved Object: And though my Books, the ſweet Companions of my Miſery, whilſt I ſate reading them upon the Banks of a murmuring River, did render my Solitude ſomewhat more pleaſant, yet at length they grew troubleſome to me, and that cruel Puniſhment of being debarred from her Company, was a burden too heavy for me to bear: She was

the onely Sun of my Life, whoſe favourable aſpects and ſmiling glances being darted on me, had ſufficient Charms to cheriſh and enliven me; but if withdrawn, Clouds and thick Darkneſs unavoidably encompaſs me about, a numberleſs number of diſconſolate thoughts do ſurround me; whilſt my Eyes are permitted to feaſt themſelves with the ſight of ſo pleaſing an Object, my Condition is happy and proſperous, but when ſecluded from ſo great a Felicity, all my Joy's vaniſh in a Moment, and the remainder of my Day's are ſpent in Melancholy; agreeable to thoſe excellent Verſes,

I.

Ask my Celinda *how* Almedor *lives,*
When abſent from your Eyes:
No Joy, no Comfort he receives,
But every minute dies.

II.

Behold the Sun, whoſe Rays adorn
Heaven with their glorious light,
When abſent, all the Earth doth mourn
In Funeral Robes of Night.

III.

Each pretty Flower doth hang its Head,
And drooping fades away;
The Roſe it ſelf looks pale and dead
At the departure of the day.

IV.

Thus my Celinda, *when your Eyes*
Conceal their Amorous Fire,
Doubts and Deſpairs in my dark Soul ariſe,
And poor Almedor *ſtreight Expires.*

No Sublunary thing could yield any Content and Satisfaction

on to me, whilſt deprived of the delectable enjoyment of her Sweet Company, but Sad and Melancholy, I rov'd up and down in ſolitary places, verifying that of *Senecha*,

——nulla die
Mærore caret ſed nova ſletus
Cauſa miniſtrat.

No day from ſadneſs ſo exempt appears,
As not to Miniſter new cauſe of Tears.

In this nature did I paſs ſeveral Weeks, yet ſtill with *Epemeclius* retained hope in my Poſſeſſion, and Comforted my ſelf with this perſwaſion, that Cruel Fortune would not always frown upon me, but being various and inconſtant, would in time make me as happy, as now ſhe had miſerable; and that this long and te-

dious Night of ſorrow of Mind, would have a riſing Sun of Joy and Felicity to ſucceed it; in order whereunto I concluded to ſend a Letter to that young Lady which firſt introduced me into her Company, which I did in the following Words.

Madam,

I Having received ſuch vaſt and Obliging Teſtimonies of an unparrallel'd kindneſs hitherto, I preſumed once more to treſpaſs upon your good Nature, by imploring your Aid and Aſſiſtance for the bringing me to the much deſired ſight of her, whoſe Charming Countenance hath ſufficient Efficacy to Extricate me out of that Labyrinth of Miſeries which the cruel Hand of Deſtiny, by debarring me of her preſence, hath involved me in; and withal, that you would Honour me ſo far, as by a few Lines to let me hear of her Health and Proſperity,

for

for whoſe welfare I have a far greater regard than my own; the performance whereof, will lay a great Obligation upon him, who at preſent is forc'd to Subſcribe himſelf a Debtour to your good Nature.

D. G.

Having at the bottom hereof given her ſome Directions for the Superſcription of her Letter, I Sealed it up, and ſent it to the Poſt: Which done, taking that excellent Book of *Burton* with me, I haſted to a ſilent Grove, where under the ſhady Trees, I ſate reading his *Cure of Love-Melancholy*, wherein I found many things agreeable to my Condition, and Correſponding with my preſent Circumſtances. More eſpecially that Complaint, which *Euryalus* made to his *Lucretia*. *Day and Night*, ſaith he, *my thoughts are buſied on thee, I wiſh for thee, look for thee, hope*

for thee, delight my ſelf in thee. Day and Night I love thee, and happy will that day be which ſhall reſtore thee to my ſight. This methoughts was the exact Pourtraicture of my Miſeries, for many Day's and Nights had I ſpent in this Nature,

And like unhappy Dido *could not ſleep,*
But lay awake and took no reſt;
When that I riſe, pale Care and Grief,
And raging Love torments my Breaſt.

The Idea of her Beauty continually runs in my Mind, and ſometimes by the ſtrength of my Imagination, I think I ſee her indeed, Talk with her, and Embrace her, *Ixion* like, I take a Cloud for *Juno*, and Embrace the Spectreſs of my Deluſive Fancy, for the wiſht for Deity; and the

the better to favour this Conceit, no ſooner had Sleep given a ſoft Attackment to my Senſes, and that Lethargick Deity Morpheus, cloſed my Eyes with a delicious Slumber, but I ſaw ſmiling *Venus* deſcending from the Clouds, who approaching pretty near me with a ſhrill Voice, that was ſomething more than Humane, ſhe cried, Ariſe, ariſe, and follow me, and though I was ſomewhat affrightned at this unexpected Viſion, yet winged with deſire to know the event thereof, I ſpeedily followed ſo ſweet a Guide; we traced through ſeveral Fields and Darkſome Groves, till we arrived at a ſtately Palace, where, taking me by the Hand, and Conducting me up a large pair of Stairs, ſhe preſented ſeveral Ladies to my view, that were Circumferencing themſelves in a Dance. I could willingly have enter'd my ſelf amongſt ſuch a

Quire of Angels, had not my Guide preſently led me to another Appartment, where ſome were pleaſing themſelves with their Harmonious Voices, and others delighting themſelves with the Melody of their Muſick; ſome Recreating themſelves in one thing, and others diverting themſelves in another; this ſight methoughts was highly pleaſing to my Fancy, and I imagined my ſelf to be again among the Ladies at *Hackney*, and was almoſt confirmed therein by the next ſight, which was preſented to me, which was the ſole Miſtriſs of my Heart, who like Queen *Dido* was ſporting with wanton *Cupid* in her Lap: This ſight could do no leſs than ſtrike me into a Trance, being recovered out of which by the help of my good Natured Guide, directing my ſteps towards her, I began to break my ſilence, when all of a ſudden ſhe

Vaniſhed

Vaniſhed from my ſight, and my ſelf, by the noiſe of the Hounds that were Hunting hard by the Grove wherein I was, was awakned out of my Dream, and to my ſorrow was ſenſible of that fallacy that was put upon my Imaginations; wherefore taking my Book with me, I haſtened to my Chamber, there to ponder with my ſelf what the meaning hereof ſhould be, where two Days and two Nights I ſpent in a Melancholy Condition, and could not reap the leaſt Dram of Comfort, till at length I received a Letter from the Poſt; which when I opened, I found to be from the Young Lady which I writ to, wherefore with much Joy did I peruſe thoſe ſweet Lines, which were in theſe following Words.

Sir,

Sir,

THat I have performed your desires, in acquainting her with your Condition, during the time of your absence from her sight, her Leter herein incloſed doth sufficiently testifie; And as for your desire of being made happy with the enjoyment of her Company, to shew you how ready I am to serve you; I have thought on a way how that may be effected, which is this, On Friday *next, she and my self, upon several urgent occasions are to be at ——— House in* London, *where if you please to ask for me, your desires will in all probability be accomplished. This with my most Humble Service to you is all at present from, yours to Command,*

S. L.

The Letter incloſed was in theſe Words.

Sir,

Sir,

THeſe two or three Lines are to let you underſtand, that I am not altogether inſenſible of your Condition, and though my preſent Circumſtances are ſuch, as not to afford a remedy, yet I will not be wanting in my Endeavours, for the Contributing as much as in me lies, towards the effecting of it.

Y. H.

Inexpreſſible is the Joy which I received at the reading of theſe Letters, wherein I had a promiſe of that long wiſht for happineſs of enjoying her Company, the want whereof was the firſt and ſole Cauſe of all my Miſeries, my happineſs was now almoſt Commenſurate to my moſt ample wiſhes, and my now Joyful Mind found no Divertiſement in its Melancholy Retirement; Where-

Wherefore the next Morning being *Thurſday*, I took my Horſe and went with all haſte to *London*, in order to my being at the appointed place; where being come, with what impatience I paſt the remainder of the Day and Night, is a thing altogether needleſs and inſignificant to relate. As for the enſuing Morning, diverſe were my Thoughts, and various my Imaginations; ſometime I reflected upon my former Condition, and Compared it with my preſent happineſs; and by and by I Conſidered of thoſe Words of her Letter, wherein ſhe ſaid ſhe would not be wanting in her endeavours for Contributing to my Felicity, and from thence concluded with that ſaying of *Phædra* to *Hypolitus*,

Finem hic dolori faciet aut vitæ dies miſerere amantis.

That

That either this Day would give a full period to my Troubles. and Diſcontents, or elſe put a Cataſtrophe to my wretched life: Many ſuch thoughts did I revolve in my Mind, and in various Contemplations did I ſpend my time, till that hour came, wherein I went to the appointed place, where asking for the Young Lady, (whoſe Name I think it convenient for many reaſons to Conceal:) She immediately came down to me, and deſired me to walk up, where we two alone ſat almoſt half an Hour in Diſcourſing of the ſeveral things during the time of my abode in the Countrey; where, after I had given her ſome Deſcription of the Grief and Sorrow that I there endured, I gave her many Millions of thanks for her kindneſs in reſtoring me to ſo great a Felicity: She made Anſwer, that ſo ſmall a kindneſs of hers, was al-

altogether unworthy of the taking notice of; and that ſhe ſhould account her ſelf happy, if in any thing ſhe could be ſerviceable to me. Juſt as I was going to return her an Anſwer, my long wiſh'd for Object approached, and I had now a view of thoſe Charming Eyes, which cruel Fortune had a long time deprived me of: Wherefore with a Submiſſive Reverence, proſtrating my ſelf at her Feet, I laid open my Paſſion in this following Nature.

Ah, Madam, ſaid I, *had you been but an Eye Witneſs of that Sorrow and Miſery, which for your ſake alone I underwent, you would not require a greater Teſtimony of the Reality of my Affection, or doubt of the Sincerity of him, who would willingly Embrace the Opportunity of Sacrificing his Life in Obedience to your Commands: Wherefore, Sweet Lady, defer not any longer to cure thoſe Wounds, which*

your

your ſelf have made, and be not ſo cruel and unkind, as to ſuffer me to ſink under the weight of my Miſeries, whilſt your ſelf ſtand by and have Power to relieve me. Sir, ſaid ſhe, *I am ſufficiently ſenſible of what you have endured for my ſake, and am willing to do any thing that lies in my Power to render you as happy as before you were Miſerable, but ſuch are the Circumſtances to which I am reduced, that I believe I am altogether uncapable of it. Ah, Madam,* ſaid I, *if the fervency of my Paſſion has but Charms ſufficient to Extract from you a ſuitable Affection, nothing will be wanting that can any ways contribute to my Felicity, for I ſhall then arrive at as high a pitch of happineſs as is Conſiſtent with Mortality, and ſhall be ſo far from envying the very Gods themſelves, that I would wiſh for no other Paradiſe but this: Could we like the Graces, thoſe goodly Daughters of Heaven,*

ven ſmile always with a never fading Serenity of Countenance, and flouriſh in an Immortal Youth: And on the Contrary, no Life can be ſo ſad and melancholy, none ſo tedious and irkſome as mine, if divorc'd from the enjoyment of your Company, I muſt then live ſolitary in Dens and Caves of the Earth, and being ſhut up from the ſight of Men, and light of the Sun, which my Miſeries have cauſed me to hate, I muſt be buried as it were alive in an Obſcure Dungeon. Wherefore, Sweet Lady, ſince it is in your Power, let it be your Will alſo to make my Condition happy and proſperous. Sir, ſaid ſhe, *as for your enjoying of my Company, there is little or no probability for that, during my ſtay there, in that various Reports have been ſpread throughout our School, inſomuch that I am denied the freedom of ſpeaking to any, unleſs my Friends and Relations; yet nevertheleſs*

we

we may be ſo happy as to hear from one another, by a private Conveyance of Letters; and if your Paſſion prove as real as you pretend, in time I may requite it with a ſuitable Affection, in the mean time accept of this Paper as a Pledge and Surety thereof. Which Words being ended, her Cheeks were Died with a Vermilion Colour, and her trembling Hands could ſcarce reach forth the Paper to me, which having opened, I found therein, a Heart made in Gold, and in the middle thereof the Letters of her Name and mine, and underneath this Diſtick.

No joys are wanting whilſt that we
Unto each other conſtant be.

That etxacy of Joy that I was in at the reading hereof, would not permit me preſently to return her an Anſwer, but at length

length I proceeded in this following manner. *Ah*, *Madam*, ſaid I, *you need not doubt of the reality of my Paſſion, for the Sun ſhall leave its Diurnal courſe, and the Heavens themſelves forget their Motions, ſooner than I will alter my Affections, or prove my ſelf guilty of Diſſimluation.*

Sooner the gaping Earth ſhall
ſwallow me,
Than I'le prove guilty of incon-
ſtancie;
Or Thunder from above drive
me to Hell,
With thoſe Pale Ghoſts, and
ugly Nights to dwell.

Sooner my Breath ſhall ſlide into Air, and my Body be wafted over Charon's *Ferry to the* Elyſian *Shades, than I will make a breach of my Vows and Promiſes.* In ſeveral ſuch Proteſtations of Love we paſſed away the time

ſo

ſo long, that the urgency of her occaſions made my departure neceſſary: Wherefore taking my leave of her, I made haſte to my Chamber, there to give my Meditations leave to expatiate themſelves upon ſo pleaſing a Subject, I now ſeemed to have taken a flight above the common ſoare of Humanity, and to have placed my ſelf in the Aiery Regions above, I had now reached the higheſt Pinacle of happineſs, and was arrived to ſo vaſt and immenſe a Felicity, that the boundleſs deſires of Man could not wiſh a greater.

Who lives ſo happy as my ſelf, what bliſs
In the whole World can be compar'd to this!

My life was now Crowned with *Halcyon* Days, which before was troubled with the Black Storms

Storms and Tempeſts of a Diſcontented Mind. I could now paſs away the Day without anxious Cares and Dubious Solicitudes, and lay down my Head upon peaceable Pillows at Night, my Sleep was no more diſturbed with horrid Dreams and frightful Apparitions, but was rendred Sweet and Pleaſant, my Mind Calm, and Serene, and free from the dark Clouds and Miſts of a boiſterous and unruly Paſſion; and in ſhort, my Condition was ſo happy, that I cannot expreſs it better, than by the following *Io Pean*, or Acclamation of Joy.

Let Miſers ſuperſtitiouſly adore
Their dear-lov'd Pelf, and fondly
covet more:
Let the Ambitious Man ſtrive for
to get
In Honours Chariot, and Prefer-
ments ſeat;

Mount

Mount up on high and ſoar at Sublime things,
Till Honours Sun doth melt his Waxen Wings.
Let valiant Pompeys, *Armed with their Shields,*
Oppoſe proud Cæſar's *in* Pharſalian *Fields;*
And by their Active Valour make ſwift Fame
With loud reſounds immortallize their Names.
Let the Voluptuous Epicurean *be,*
Immers'd in Floods of Senſuality.
Let him pleaſe all his Senſes, ſwim in Mirth,
Courting the ſordid Pleaſures of the Earth.
Let theſe dull Souls reſt in their fancied Bliſs,
And cheat themſelves with ſhews of Happineſs.
No pleaſures like to thoſe which Love doth bring,
From hence alone Celeſtial Joy's doth ſpring:

Love

Love is an Iſland, where all Plea-
ſures grow,
And Streams of Joy perpetually
doth flow.
Princes and Peaſants equally do
bend
Their Courſes hither, where their
Travels end:
Eternal Spring doth o're-run the
verdant Fields
With Flowers, and every Day New
Pleaſure yields.
Here no rude Storms the Bloſſoms
do deſtroy,
No Wiuds, but Sighs; no Shours,
but tears of Joy:
The Skie in brighteſt azure doth
appear,
And not one Cloud is ſeen through
all the Year.
The Amorous Birds flutter from
Tree to Tree;
And Love's the Subject of their
Harmony;

The

The Brooks with pleaſing Murmurs do delude
Our Thoughts, and render ſweet our Solitude.
Each Grotto, each Bower, and every Myrtle Grove,
In this fair Iſle is Conſecrate to Love.
A happy Lover here doth feel no pain,
He meets no rigour or unjuſt diſdain.
Celia *is always Kind, always Fair,*
And all her Sweets doth with Amintas *ſhare.*
All things to his content doth here Conſpire,
No croſs Event doth fruſtrate his deſire;
But when all Storms are overblown and paſt,
A thouſand unknown Sweets he drinks at laſt.

I had now Sailed over Love's

ſtormy Ocean, and was arrived at the wiſht for Haven of perfect Tranquility; now no Clouds of Grief hangs upon my Brow, but Life appears in my Eyes, and Gayety in my looks; and my Spirits, which before were ready to ſink into Languors by exceſſive ſorrow, were now more vigorous and chearful; and like the *Philoſophers* of old, I ſeemed to be ſeated above the reach of Fortune, and could bid defiance to her utmoſt power.

My Haven is found, proud Fortune now adieu,
Mock others now, for I have done with you.

And being in ſo happy and ſo proſperous an Eſtate, it would be monſtrous Ingratitude in me, to be unmindful of her, who pitying my Condition whilſt groveling in the Valley of Miſery, hath

hath wrought ſo ſtrange a Metamorphoſis, and raiſes me to ſo high a Degree of Felicity: Wherefore, taking Pen, Ink, and Paper, I Writ the following Letter.

Moſt amiable Lady,

THE Attractive Charms of your Beauty, having, by captivating my Heart, rendred it in your Power, either by a ſmiling glance to prolong my days, or by a diſdainful look to put a period thereto, it is to the tranſcendent goodneſs of your Nature, that I am Indebted for the preſervation of my Life, and I muſt Act very inconſiſtent with that common Reaſon and Ingenuity, which ought to regulate our Actions, make my ſelf a Rebel to the Laws of Nature, and prove guilty of Ingratitude beyond expreſſion, ſhould I refuſe to give it up intirely to your Service, or lay it down at your Feet whenſoever you ſhall pleaſe to command

it. Wherefore, ſweet Lady, miſtruſt not the Fidelity of him, the reality of whoſe Affections will make him undergo all dangers and difficulties whatſoever, thereby teſtifying how ſincerely and unfeignedly he is yours till Death.

D. G.

The Day ſucceeding the Writing hereof, I had an opportune Conveniency of ſending it by a particular Acquaintance of mine, who being unknown to any there, under pretence of ſpeaking to her from her Friends and Relations, gave her the Letter into her own Hands, who willingly read it, and promiſed him when time ſhould ſerve, ſhe would return me an Anſwer. In the mean time, I conſidered of ſeveral Stratagems and Devices to bring my ſelf into her Company, and though there was ſeveral difficulties to be removed, I knew by

by daily obſervation, that a Sedulous diligence, and Indefatigable Induſtry, will effect many things which ſeem very improbable, and though ſhe is kept a cloſe Priſoner as if it were in a *Nunnery*, and like *Danae* encompaſt about with a *Brazen Tower*, and under the care of too too watchful Governours: Yet, alas, all thoſe and more are but Cobweb Fortifications, and altogether inſufficient to withſtand the force of a cunning Invention. Wherefore I reſolved with my ſelf to try Concluſions; and my Fancy ſuggeſted to me ſeveral Intrigues; which I think unneceſſary to relate, in that the Majority of them, had the misfortune of proving inſucceſsful, though ſome I muſt Confeſs had almoſt reached the end for which they were deſigned: As one for Inſtance, when Fortune being my Guide, I was brought to the ve-

ry ſight of her alone, and no Eyes there to diſcover me, when lo, my blind Guide began to ſtumble, and ſeveral unlucky accidents (which ſome there are not ignorant of) interpoſing themſelves, we were fain to depart without the happineſs of ſpeaking to each other. Into what a rage this unlucky Event put me, you may eaſily imagine; for my earneſt deſires could not patiently endure ſo great a Tantalization, and I thirſted after a revenge of cruel Fortune, who takes pleaſure in ſporting with Humane Affairs; ſometimes (like a Ship upon the boiſterous Ocean) toſſing them up into the Aiery Skies of hope, and by and by ſinking them down again into the Abyſs of deſpair; ſometimes Crowning improbable attempts with a proſperous iſſue, and at other times making well adviſed Purpoſes meet with a croſs Event;

ſome-

ſometimes ſhe brings Men in ſight of their deſired Haven, and by and by launches them out again into the main Ocean. Thus are we poor Lovers tormented betwixt theſe two reſtleſs Paſſions, Hope and Deſpair, which like the Sun and Moon, have their alternate courſes; for if Fortune lends but a favourable Countenance, we are preſently in hopes of obtaining our wiſht for Object, but when over-clouded with anger, and her ſmiles were turned into frowns, then horrid deſpair ſeizes on us, and we are then ſo much dejected and caſt down within our ſelves, that there is no hope left of riſing again. In ſuch like thoughts as theſe did I paſs away that Night, without either ſlumbering or ſleeping, and the Day enſuing, I had the happineſs of receiving a Letter from her; which having read, I found to be in theſe following Words.

Sir,

UNlucky Fortune croſſing our Expectations Yeſterday, I make bold to preſent you in Writing, what then I did intend to deliver by Word of Mouth, which is a Promiſe of my ſincerity, ſince by your Letter I have received a Teſtimony of yours, aſſuring you that no Man ſhall ever gain a Conqueſt of that Heart which appertains to you alone; or ever be able to win the Affections of her, who by the powerful engagement of Love, as well as the Laws of Gratitude, is Obliged to Subſcribe her ſelf yours till Death.

Y. H.

Thus being tied together as it were by the Gordian Knot of our Affections, which we thought indiſſoluble, and beyond the Power of croſs-graind Fortune to break aſunder, I now began to

Sing

Sing a Requiem to my ſelf, and expected here to ſee an end of all my troubles, and be inveſted with a durable Felicity: I could now with Content and Satisfaction call to Mind my former ſufferings, together with thoſe various Storms and Tempeſts which I underwent before I could be inſtated in theſe inviolable delights, my condition was now ſo happy and proſperous, that I eſteemed it not at all liable to the ſtrokes of Fortune, or ſubject to thoſe Common viciſſitudes which overſpread the Face of all things: I reckoned my happineſs was ſettled on ſo firm a Baſis and ſure Foundation as not to be ſhaken by all the Bluſtring Storms of Misfortune; but, alas, Experience evinces the contrary, for about ſome ten Day's after, one brought me a Letter, which opening I found to be in theſe following Words.

Sir,

YOur neglect of Writing to me in ſo long a time, makes me doubt of your ſincerity, and think that the ardency of your Affections is ſomewhat abated, or wholly withdrawn, and placed on a more worthy Object, as for my own part, I ſtill remain firm and conſtant to my Promiſes, and have not any ways altered my Affections, but as before, ſo now again, I Subſcribe my ſelf yours till death.

Y. H.

Encloſed in this Letter was this following Song.

I.

You I love by all that's true,
More than all things here below,
With a Paſſion far more great,
Than e're Creature loved yet;
And yet ſtill you cry forbear,
Love no more, or love not here!

II.

II.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more,
Bid the Old be Young again,
Bid the Nun not think on Man;
Sylvia *this when you can do,*
Bid me then not think on you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate;
Sylvia *then do what you will,*
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true;
Love I muſt, and none but you.

I did not in the leaſt doubt but that this was her own Hand Writing, (though ſince I am ſenſible that it came from a Young Gentlewoman there, who had ſome inſight into ſeveral things that paſſed between us.) I therefore

fore preſently Writ her this following Anſwer, and ſent it by the ſame Bearer.

Moſt amiable Lady,

THE occaſion of my not Writing to you in ſo long a time, was my not having a Conveniency of ſending to you, wherefore I preſume you will Pardon my neglect, and not attribute it to the coldneſs of my Affections, ſince they remain ſtill the ſame without the leaſt alteration; as for that ſaying, of placing them upon a worthier Object, that I ſuppoſe is a Complement, ſince one more worthy, the whole World cannot produce; for beſides that, the tranſcendent Charms of your Beauty does highly merit my Affections; ſo likewiſe the admirable goodneſs of your Nature lays ſuch vaſt Ties and immenſe Obligations of Gratitude upon me, that the giving up of my Life to your Service, is too ſmall

a Compenſation: Wherefore, Sweet Lady, miſtruſt not my Sincerity, or ever queſtion my Conſtancy; but on the contrary you may aſſure your ſelf that I am Sincerely and Entirely yours.

D. G.

Encloſed in this Letter, I ſent her the following Song, being in Anſwer to that which ſhe ſent me.

I.

My Love is fixt on you alone,
'Tis you that I admire;
If you my Paſſion don't diſown,
My Joys are then entire:
But if you frown and ſay me nay,
No Tongue can then my Grief
Diſplay.

II.

Like things out of their Elements,
My Heart will reſtleſs be;

No

No Earthly things can yield content,
To me they're Vanity;
Either Sylvia *I muſt Love,*
Or to my ſelf unkind muſt prove.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice they ſay,
But preordain'd above;
If ſo, I'me bound for to Obey,
Though Sylvia *doth unconſtant prove,*
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true,
My Love's ordain'd for none but you.

The ſending of this Letter added ſomething of Content and Satisfaction to me, who was a little diſcompoſed at the receiving of hers. My Paſſions you may eaſily imagine were out of Order, and the Serenity of my Mind baniſht by Diſtracted Thoughts; and that it could not

chuſe but ſomewhat affect me, to ſee that the Sincerity of my Paſſion was miſtruſted, notwithſtanding all my Promiſes to the contrary, and that the Reality of my Affections ſhould be called in Queſtion upon ſo ſmall an occaſion; but then conſidering that the trueſt Love is always attended with ſome ſmall ſmack of Jealouſie, I did not at all Queſtion but that my Letter would be ſufficient to remove all Fears and Suſpicions of that Nature, not dreaming but that it would be ſafely conveyed to her Hands, though ſince I underſtand it was delivered to the Young Lady, who Writ the former, who from hence took occaſion of accuſing me to the Sole Miſtreſs of my Heart of Levity and Inconſtancy, telling her that I had all along expreſt a great Affection to her; and for a further Confirmation thereof, produced my own Letter,

ter, which my Miſtreſs ſeeing, ſoon knew it to be my own Hand-writing, and therefore was the more eaſily induced to give credit to what ſhe ſaid. She now began to conclude with her ſelf that my Paſſion was not Sincere, but that all my Affections were mingled with Flattery and Diſſimulation. Wherefore, ſhe reſolved to place hers on a more worthier Object, and to have nothing more to do with him, who hath already prov'd himſelf guilty of ſo great an Infidelity. In order whereunto, ſhe ſent me this following Letter.

Sir,

BEing ſufficiently ſatisfied of the inſincerity of your Affections, and perceiving by an undeniable Teſtimony, that your Paſſion is ſo far from being Real, that it is altogether feigned, and your fair

fair pretences onely Umbrages for diſſimulation, I deſire you would deſiſt from giving your ſelf the trouble of Writing any more to me, but rather Baniſh all thoughts of me from your Breaſt, ſince I am fully reſolved to harbour none of you, except thoſe of your Infidelity and Inconſtancy to,

Y. H.

Inexpreſſible was my Grief at the reading of this Letter, and the Dimenſions thereof exceeded the largeſt of Humane Comprehenſions, all my Joys now like *Endymion*'s Dream, were meer Deluſions, and Vaniſht into Aiery *Phantoms*, and I my ſelf overwhelmed in an Ocean of Miſery. Now Care and Sorrow, Corroding Grief, and Reſtleſs Inquietudes, like a mighty Deluge flow in upon me, and one Misfortune treads upon the heels of another, inſomuch that

may juſtly take up that Com-plaint.

Quis dabit in lacrymas fontem mihi? Quis ſatis altos?
Accendit gemitus, & acerbo verba dolore;
Exhaurit pietas Oculis, & hiantia frangit
Pectora, nec plenos arido ſinit edere queſtus,
Magna adeo jactura premit, &c.

Fountains of tears who gives, who lends me groans?
Deep ſighs ſufficient to expreſs my moans,
Mine Eyes are dry, my Breaſt in pieces torn,
My grief ſo great, I cannot enough mourn.

I was amazed within my ſelf, to hear of ſo ſudden a Change, and could not any ways conjecture what the meaning here-

of

of ſhould be. I peruſed her Letter wherein ſhe Complained of Infidelity and Inconſtancy, of which I knew my ſelf not to be guilty; and I could not Imagine what unlucky accident had fallen out, that ſhould make her Complain, that my Affections were Inſincere, and my Paſſion altogether feigned, when I had ſo lately given her aſſurance of the contrary. Wherefore, to prevent all Miſconſtructions between us, I preſently ſent her this following Letter.

Sweet Lady,

HAving given you ſufficient Teſtimonials of my Sincerity, and aſſured you, by all the tender Expreſſions that a Dear Affection could well utter, of a firm and conſtant adherence to my Vows and Promiſes, it is beyond my Imagination to conceive what reaſon

reaſon is ſufficient to ſeparate our Affections, or to give you juſt cauſe to accuſe me of Inconſtancy, who am ready to lay down my Life at your Feet to evince the contrary. My Paſſion, Madam, is ſtill Fervent and Sincere, and will admit of no Variation: My Affections are Sealed and Unalterable, and ſooner will I deſcend to the diſmal Shades below, than prove my ſelf guilty of ſo horrid and enormous a Crime.

Sooner than I'le wax cold in my deſire,
Heaven ſhall its Motion leave and heat the Fire.

Which Proteſtation of mine, I hope will work ſo far upon your good Nature, as to ſatisfie you, how entirely I am yours to Command,

D. G.

This

This and ſeveral other Letters I ſent to her, according as convenient Opportunities preſented themſelves to me, but could by no means prevail with her to Write me an Anſwer. She was now Deaf and Inexorable to all Entreaties and Perſwaſions whatſoever, and all my Endeavours of convincing her of the contrary, proved faint and ineffectual, and inſtead of abating her Rigour and Severity, did only exaſperate her Anger, and make her more reſolute in her Intentions. She had now Baniſht all pity from her before tender Breaſt, and would by no means be perſuaded to lend an Ear to my Complaints; but ſcornfully reject my Paſſion, which ſhe thought Guilty of Diſſimulation. Wherefore ſeeing my ſelf in this Condition, ſecluded from the ſight of thoſe Charming Eyes which had Captivated

tivated my Heart, and depriv'd of all hopes of the enjoyment of her Company, wherein all my Bliſs and Happineſs did Conſiſt. I cannot better expreſs the ponderous weight of my Miſeries, than in that ſad Complaint of *Oenone* to *Paris*.

Ah, muſt we part, (Cry I,) *thoſe killing Words,*
No further language to my Grief affords;
Trembling I fell upon my panting Breaſt,
Which was with equal Love and Grief Oppreſt,
Whilſt Sighs, and Looks, all Dying, ſpoke the reſt.

Several Days and Nights did I ſpend in a Melancholy and Dejected Condition, now nothing appeared in my Looks but Sorrow and Grief; and the Senſe of her heavy Diſpleaſure made me

me ſeem like the ſad Statue of Deſpair, all the Day long did I walk in a ſolitary poſture, without ſo much as opening my Lips to any, and inſtead of ſlumbering at Night, I lay upon my tireſome Bed, pondering with my ſelf what ways would be moſt likely and probable to bring me again into her Favour, and Eſtabliſh me once more in a firm and entire Poſſeſſion of that Heart, which Cruel Fortune hath at preſent deprived me of: But, alas, the Gods had not deſtin'd me to ſo great a happineſs, for all my Endeavours in this Nature proved unproſperous and unſucceſsful, and not ſo much as one of them, could reach the End for which they were Deſigned. I Writ to the Young Lady, who firſt introduced me into her Company, deſiring her to Intercede for me, and if poſſible to learn the Cauſe of her Diſpleaſure:

Diſpleaſure: But, alas, ſhe could give me no aſſiſtance in this time of my greateſt neceſſity, but all her Anſwer was, that ſhe was mightily incenſed againſt me, but for what Reaſon, or upon what occaſion ſhe was ignorant of. Wherefore, ſeeing my ſelf thus plunged into an Ocean of Miſery, deſtitute of Aid and Aſſiſtance, abandoned as it were by all, and left wholly to the Mercy of the Bluſtering Winds and Raging Billows. I began bitterly to exclaim againſt Inconſtant Fortune, for making me the Object of her Sport and Paſtime, ſometimes loading me ſo much with her Favours, that I ſeemed to have left Mortality below, and to have took a flight up to the Lofty Skies, placing my Head as it were among the Stars: When, lo! in an Inſtant, theſe proſperous Gales being turned into Frowns, ſhe ſoon clips

clips my presumptuous Wings, and brings me down again from thence, sometimes she sets me upon the high Pinacle of happiness, with an intent to tumble me headlong into the Bottomless Abyss of Misery; and from the Inconstancy of Fortune, my Thoughts wandered to that of my Mistriss, recalling to my Mind what Promises she made of remaining Constant and Faithful till the cruel Hand of Destiny should divide us; how she protested that nothing should alter her Affections, or ever be sufficient to make her be unfaithful to her Promises; and then considering what a Monstrous Deviation she hath made, and how inconsistent her Actions were with her former Protestations, I could no longer suppress my Passion: But presently I began to be in a Rage, Invoking the Celestial Deities

to puniſh her Infidelity in the following Ejaculation, where-with I ſhall Conclude.

I.

Can the Celeſtial Powers deſcry
What ſilly Mortals do;
And, Seated on their Thrones on high,
View all things here below?
If ſo, ye Gods, why ſuffer ye
My Celia's *Infidelity!*

II.

Her perjur'd Accents ſwift and fleet,
Mount up unto your Throne,
And call for Vengeance, ſtill you let
Your Thunderbolts alone.
Have Women Charms like Circes *Rods,*
Sufficient to Enchant the Gods!

III. *For*

III.

For ſhame, for ſhame, dull Pow-
ers arowſe,
And Reſtitution make,
To my Dear Celia *for thoſe Vows,*
She did unjuſtly break.
Ah! how ſhe Swore, ſhe would be
ever mine,
But all her Vows prov'd falſe,
and ſhe unkind.

Poſtſcript.

POSTSCRIPT.

IF you (moſt Courteous Readers) will but allow that aſſertion of *Humanum eſt errare*, to ſtand for Authentick, little or no Apologie will ſerve for thoſe Errours and Miſtakes, which, being Blinded with Love, I may heedleſsly have run my ſelf into; for if Imperfections be the Inſeparable Concomitants of Humanity, and Frailties be the neceſſary and

unavoidable Conſequents of Mortality, what large allowances may Lovers claim? Who, beſides this Plea, have that of their Actions being born down by the violent Stream of their Imperious Affections, and themſelves puſhed on as it were by a ſtrange kind of Fatality, running headlong upon the Precipice of Error, and deprived of that Natural Reaſon and Ingenuity, which at other times would have been ſufficient to have Circumſcribed their Actions, and put Bounds and Limits to their Impetuous and Unruly Paſſions;

ſions; their Impatient deſires oft-times hinders them from giving their attention to the Dictates of Wiſdom, and puts them upon Acting thoſe things, which at other times they could not have done without Violence to their Intellectual Faculties, and ſo by Experience they find that ſaying true,

Οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων αὐτὸς ἅπαντα σοφὸς.

Nemo hominum in omnibus ſapiens eſt.

Upon which Conſideration, I hope, Reader, thou wilt be ſo kind, as to wink

at what is faulty, and ſupply what is defective, by a favourable Interpretation: As for the plainneſs of the Stile, which in all probability thou mayeſt Object againſt, it being not dreſt up in high-flown Sentences, and lofty Metaphors, nor any ways Embelliſhed with an Eloquence like that of *Demoſthenes*; all I can ſay is, theſe things may ſuit well with Romances, but my Subject requires the contrary, for Truth loves to appear in a plain dreſs. And as for the ſmallneſs thereof, which ſome may Condemn it for; I muſt

Confeſs

Confeſs Brevity was the thing I firſt propoſed to my ſelf; for had I deſigned to have been tedious and prolix, I could have inſerted ſeveral other Intrigues, which were Synchronical and Contemporary with ſome herein Related, but theſe I purpoſely omitted, for fear of too much Reflecting on ſome there, whoſe Civility hath lain Indiſpenſible Obligations upon me to the contrary. Wherefore, kind Reader, I deſire you would take it as it is, for better and for worſe, together with that

that Exhortation of the *Grecian* Poet.

Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι, χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ.

Ne parva averſeris, ineſt ſua gratia parvis.

Farewell.

FINIS.

Gift

Louis M. Rabinowitz

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